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IN CLOVER.

*She:* SO YOU ARE ENGAGED TO ONE OF THE MUSGRAVE TWINS? HOW CAN YOU DISTINGUISH ONE FROM THE OTHER?

*He:* I DON'T TRY TO.

Soap  
lp.  
years' ex-  
medical pro-  
or eczema,  
orms, ugly  
illet article  
f the skin.  
ice 50c.

# New-York Life Insurance Co.

346 & 348 Broadway, New York.

## Summary of Forty-Sixth Annual Report.

JANUARY 1, 1891.

### REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums .....	\$27,228,209.34
Interest, Rents, etc. ....	4,929,890.74
<b>Total Income .....</b>	<b>\$32,158,100.08</b>

### DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Death-claims and Endowments. ....	\$7,078,272.48
Dividends, Annuities and Purchased Insurances. ....	6,201,271.54
<b>Total to Policy-holders .....</b>	<b>\$13,279,544.02</b>
New Policies Issued .....	45,754
New Insurance Written .....	\$159,576,065.00

### CONDITION JANUARY 1, 1891.

Assets .....	\$115,947,809.97
Liabilities, Company's Standard .....	\$101,049,359.11
Surplus, Company's Standard (4 per cent.) .....	\$14,898,450.86
Policies in Force .....	173,469
Insurance in Force .....	\$569,338,726.00

### PROGRESS IN 1890.

Increase in Benefits to Policy-holders .....	\$1,158,422.36
Increase in Premiums .....	2,642,288.24
Increase in Income .....	2,994,833.84
Increase in Assets .....	10,894,209.01
Increase in Insurance Written .....	8,456,977.00
Increase in Insurance in Force .....	73,736,756.00

### WILLIAM H. BEERS, President.

HENRY TUCK, Vice-President. RUFUS W. WEEKS, Actuary.  
ARCH. H. WELCH, 2d Vice-President. THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.  
A. HUNTINGTON, M. D., Medical Director.

If you want a Policy or an Agency, do not insure nor engage elsewhere until you know what the NEW-YORK LIFE is offering in Insurance and Agency contracts. Address the Home Office or the nearest Branch Office, giving date of birth if you want insurance, and previous business experience if you want employment.

## RED HAND Allsopp's Ale.

Bottled by the brewers in England.  
HIGHEST GRADE IMPORTED.

Askes, Merrill & Condit, Park & Tifford, Lidgerwood,  
and all good grocers and wine dealers.

ASTOR HOUSE, HOFFMAN HOUSE,  
DELMONICO'S, DORLON'S,  
LANGHAM'S, ALBEMARLE, ST. DENIS,  
J. BILLY'S, JOHNSON'S, KOLB'S,  
DOWD'S, GERKEN'S, CURRIER'S,  
SMITH & McNELL'S, DELISLE'S, DAVIDSON'S,  
etc., etc., etc., etc.

ALLSOPP'S INDIA PALE ALE,  
DRAWN FROM THE WOOD,  
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

### FOR FIFTY YEARS!

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
for fifty years has been used by millions of  
mothers for their Children while Teething. It  
soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all  
Pain, Cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for  
Diarrhoea. 25c. a Bottle.

## 37 YEARS IN FULTON STREET H. B. KIRK & CO.

DO NOT SELL  
Mixed or Compounded Goods.  
PRICE ACCORDING TO AGE.

"OLD CROW" RYE WHISKEY.  
Sold by us as uncolored, unsweetened. Sole  
Agents for

The PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.  
Sole Agents for the Inglenook Wines.  
Send for Catalogue.  
69 FULTON ST. - 9 WARREN ST.  
Broadway & 27th St., New York.

# HOLLANDERS

290 FIFTH AVENUE.

NEW FABRICS in Silk, Wool  
and Cotton for

SPRING AND SUMMER GOWNS.

NEW MODELS

GOWNS AND JACKETS

1891.

Annual Spring Exhibition

—OF—

## CARRIAGES,

Beginning Monday, March 16th

FOR ONE WEEK.

Examples of all the fashionable varieties will be on view  
offering a rare opportunity for selection.

## BREWSTER & CO., OF BROOME ST

ONLY PLACE OF BUSINESS,

BROADWAY, 47th to 48th STS., NEW YORK.

## THE DIVINE SARAH

WRITES A LETTER.

DEAR MADAM: The Récamier Preparations  
perfection of toilet articles. Please send me without  
to-morrow, two dozen assorted for immediate use

*Sarah Bernhardt*

To Mrs. HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

## RÉCAMIER CREAM

is used daily by fashionable women and pro  
actresses all over the world. It is the only  
preparation whose merits are attested to by phy  
It will preserve your youth, remove all blemish  
not only make but keep your face smooth and  
PRICE, \$1.50 PER JAR.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods D  
and by the owner,

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

305 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY.



SARAH BERNHARDT  
AS  
"THEODORA."

Write for Pamphlet containing full list of Récamier Prepa  
and toilet articles, the choicest and daintiest in the World.



## THE FAMILY SKELETONS' BALL

**D**ID you hear of the family skeletons' ball?  
 From many a closet in many a wall—  
 Many a gorgeously gilded wall—  
 Thro' passages curtained with many a pall,  
 They trooped to a subterranean hall;  
 Skeletons spare and skeletons tall,  
 Skeletons stout and skeletons small.

### A TIMELY WEDDING.

"**Y**ES, papa, Jack is poor, but he loves me. Mayn't I marry him, papa?"

"Well, yes, if you want to."

"You dear old thing—but when?"

"Immediately."

"Oh, but you know it's Lent."

"Yes, but wouldn't it be well to get broken in to fasting right away?"

**E**ARLY to bed and early to rise,  
 makes little boys very tired.

There were skeletons grim and skeletons grinning,  
 Skeletons sinned against, skeletons sinning.  
 Skeletons staggering up from the mud,  
 Skeletons stained with innocent blood.

Here was a great political boss,  
 The gold in whose fingers had turned to dross.  
 And one with a tongue all chained by fire  
 Because its owner had been a liar;  
 He had stabbed reputations all in the dark  
 And this Cain of character bore his mark.

'Twas a sight to see how the partners met,  
 How skeleton couples danced each set,  
 Danced till their naked bones were wet  
 With an oozy, clammy, horrible sweat;  
 And they needed never a castanet,  
 For their joints made a noise one couldn't forget,  
 If one heard it once one would hear it yet.  
 Otherwise there was no music at all  
 At the family skeletons' midnight ball.

*Kemper Docock.*

### REPORTERS' DEFINITIONS.

**PROMINENT CITIZEN**—The janitor of the flat in which the couple lived.

**PRETTY GIRL**—The unmarried woman in the case.

**PETITE**—Weighing less than 180 pounds.

**BRUNETTE**—Any woman not a blonde.

**BLONDE**—Any woman not a brunette.

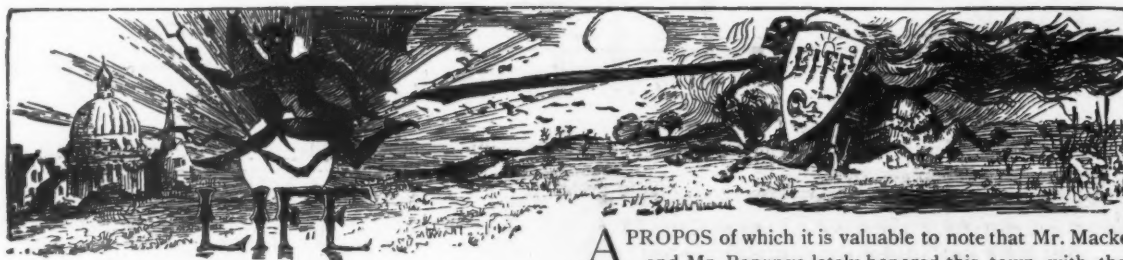
**DULL THUD**—Anything falling without rebound (except salary).

**HOLOCAUST**—A fire attended by fatal results to human or animal life.

**TINDER-BOX**—The building in which the fire occurred (*syn.*, rattle-trap).







"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XVII. MARCH 12, 1891. No. 428.  
28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$20.00; Vol. II., bound, \$15.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII., XIII., XIV., XV. and XVI., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.  
Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

IT is edifying to know that Mme. Bernhardt's histrionic talents were employed in aid of New York's worthy Orthopedic Society. Mme. Sarah's willingness to help in making people's feet straight must be taken to offset in some measure the charge of some of the critics that the tendency of her plays is to make people's paths crooked.

AT last accounts all New York's dailies still survived. It is with newspapers somewhat as with babies—the second summer is a critical time. It is also true of them, as it is said to be of humans, that those whom the Gods love (sometimes) die young. Undoubtedly the fittest survive, but the fittest is not necessarily the best, since fitness relates to an environment, and the environment may be so bad that to fit it is an offence to culture and even to decency. It is one of the drawbacks about starting newspapers that if you fail you may never be able to know whether you were too good to succeed or too bad.

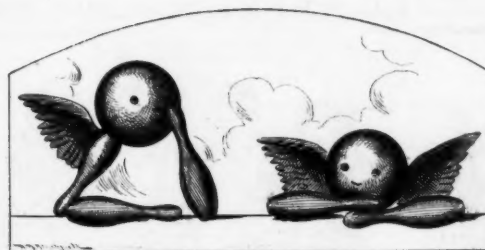
"GLOOMY as the horse at General Sherman's funeral" is a simile expressive of crushing despair. The empty saddle and boots at a military funeral are meant to imply that the dead warrior is lost, but only to Earth, and not forgotten there. But that black plush pall had an air of permanent obliteration about it that staggered faith itself. It must have been an undertaker's work, not a soldier's.

THE publication in the newspapers of a copy of Mrs. Mackey's portrait by Meissonier has excited sympathy for the lady at the expense of the defunct artist. Even a portrait painter should realize that consideration is like mercy, a blessed thing to give as well as to receive. In Meissonier's case a very large consideration was received but none appears to have been given.

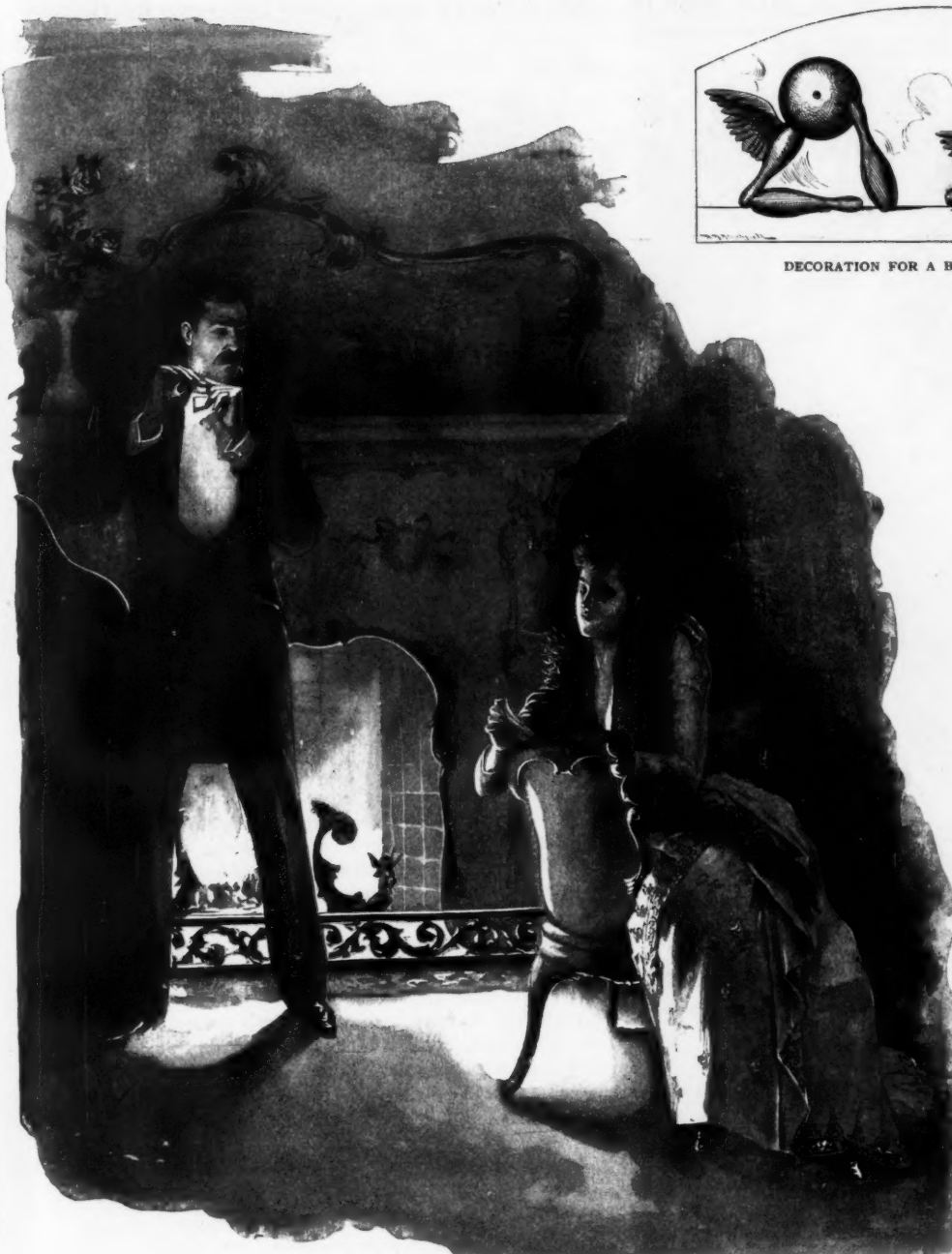
APROPOS of which it is valuable to note that Mr. Mackey and Mr. Bonyng lately honored this town with their simultaneous presence, and yet our streets swam, not in blood. It would be a relief to notice the lapse of open hostilities between these gentlemen did it not suggest the possibility of a recurrence of a covert campaign of anonymous slander.

AT the recent council of emancipated women in Washington, a reverend lady-speaker, Mrs. Shaw, discoursed with ironical emphasis of the profound wisdom of those masculine sages who know exactly what are the limitations of Woman's powers, what is her duty, what her just privileges, and with what she must be content. They are vexatious, these old fogies who know all about Woman, but LIFE will agree to abate them if our reverend friend will take in hand an equally exasperating band in her own sex—those females, namely, usually youthful and enthusiastic, who undertake with startling candor to revise the customs of society with regard to the morals of men. The customs of society in that regard are imperfect and by no means just, but it is true enough there is more sense, and even more justice to them, than young ladies of an experience necessarily limited, seem competent to realize. It is doubtful if any woman can acquire the ability to treat them didactically to advantage.

THE recent appearance of an ex-Secretary of State as counsel in a divorce case tried in Delaware, would have been enough in itself to call attention to the case, even if it had not been intrinsically edifying. The case brought out a story of an untrue Briton with a hyphenated name who married the daughter of a rich New Yorker, gambled away all the money that could be obtained from her and her father, and when no more was to be had sent her back to New York, and presently followed with his children, whom he abandoned on their grandfather's door-step. The complaint made against this person really was not that he did not support his family, but that he made it impossible for his family to support him. LIFE would be glad to draw from this tale a moral pointing out the inexpediency of alliances with Britons, but for two reasons, one of which is that the accused denies the facts. The other reason is the news of the flagrant perfidy of the matters matrimonial of an American prominent in British affairs. How can an American journal criticise a Burke-Roche in the face of an Ashmead-Bartlett's transgression! But, though LIFE cannot moralize, at least all of us rich men can take warning by these cases, and not allow our daughters to marry strangers with hyphenated names, unless their relations can give bonds for their good behavior.



DECORATION FOR A BOWLING ALLEY.



SYMBOLIC SATELLITES.

*She:* WHAT A FITTING TOKEN OF MARRIED LOVE IS THE WEDDING RING!

*He:* IT IS. A RING HAS NO END; AND IT ALSO HAS NO BEGINNING. IT IS ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT VARIETY; AND IS MUCH EASIER PUT ON THAN TAKEN OFF.



AN "OLD TIMER."

#### A SAD CASE.

"POOR Cholly's is a very sad case. His father brought him up in wealth and comfort, and last week—"

"Well?"

"His father married again."

"WHO goeth a-borrowing goeth a-sorrowing," was doubtless true in the good old times; but nowadays it is the lender who does the mournful perambulation.

· THIS · RUDE · VNGAINLY · BOLD · AND · BOISTEROUS · MONTH · O' MARCH ·



*He:* TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF MY LAST POEM. I WANT TO FINISH IT AS I HAVE OTHER IRONS IN THE FIRE.

*She:* I SHOULD WITHDRAW THE IRONS AND INSERT THE POEM.

#### THE MIGHTY CÆSAR.

"I HAVE just been up to see Booth and Barrett in 'Julius Cæsar.'"

"And you liked it?"

"Tremendously. He must have been an awfully smart Roman. Why, just think how well he spoke English."

FOR signs the restaurateur should hang out his board, and the barber his shingle.

## BOOKISHNESS

### A NEW THACKERAY BIOGRAPHY.

THE new "Life of Thackeray" in the "Great Writers" series, will probably be read because people are perpetually interested in the personality of Thackeray, and not because it throws any more light on the subject. The volume is the work of two authors, Herman Merivale and Frank T. Marzials, each writing separate chapters, and treating the subject in different manners, without consultation. The result is a slovenly piece of book-making, the inherent interest of which is entirely independent of its form.

Mr. Merivale had the use of certain new and original material about Thackeray's ancestors, and the youth of the novelist. Some of his letters of school and college days are here published for the first time. As for the rest of his share in the biography, it is ejaculatory and emotional to a degree which detracts from the reader's natural sympathy with the subject. Thackeray did not want to be pitied while living, (and what strong man does?) and it is fairly probable that his remark, "None of this nonsense about me after my death," was inspired by the possibility of just such a post-mortem biographer as Mr. Merivale. What "nonsense" that acute satirist would have thought such a sentence as this: "The two key-secrets of Thackeray's great life, as I take it, were these—Disappointment and Religion"—and the capitals don't add to its impressiveness.

Disappointment is at some period of life the common lot of all, as religion is its more or less prevalent antidote. Thackeray had his severest blows between twenty-five and thirty-five, when men are best able to stand them, and he took them like a man. At thirty-eight he found himself one of the most noted writers of his generation, and he lived



fourteen years to enjoy his great fame. In obscurity and in success he was loved by good women and respected by kindly men. He died at the height of his powers, with a fortune retrieved, and a great name securely established. Surely "nothing is here for tears."

The pathos of his life is the pathos of the life of every man of feeling. "For a sensitive man," wrote a pessimist, "life is an increasing pain"—which is only one side of the picture; for the same sensitive nerves vibrate with equal intensity to the joy of life. Thackeray felt both, and put them in his books to delight perpetually all men of feeling.

THE recent life of Lord Houghton contains Carlyle's characterization of Thackeray in a few lines. "He had many fine qualities; no guile or malice against any mortal; a big mass of soul, but not strong in proportion; a beautiful vein of genius lay struggling about in him."

This impression that he was never quite strong or persistent enough to express the best that was in him, was one fostered by Thackeray's own frequent expressions of playful remorse for his irregular habits of composition. One of the best things in this biography is the vigorous protest against Trollope's implication that Thackeray would have done better work if he had followed the former's 'beeswax' method of "four hours a day and so many folios of copy," no matter what happened. "If Thackeray was idle," said the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "while writing 'Vanity Fair,' and 'The Newcomes,' we do not much care—any of us, his countrymen." And this biographer adds that with him idleness was simply "getting ready."

Droch.

#### NEW BOOKS.

*CHURCH AND STATE.* By Count Leo Tolstoi. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.

*The Crystal Button.* By Chauncey Thomas. Edited by George Houghton. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

*Love's Messenger, Little Rosebuds, Leaves of Thought, My True Love, Golden Arrows, Love's Language.* (Valentines.) New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

*A Child's Romance.* By Pierre Loti. Translated by Mrs. Clara Bell. New York: W. S. Gottsberger and Company.

*Liberty in Literature.* By Robert G. Ingersoll. New York: Truth Seeker Company.



THIS MUMMY, RECENTLY FOUND IN THEBES BY LIFE'S SPECIAL ARCHÆOLOGIST, IS SUPPOSED, FROM THE INSCRIPTION ON THE CASE, TO BE THE BODY OF A YOUNG MAN OF THE PERIOD.

#### FOOD FOR TRUSTEES.

A GENTLEMAN in Louisville, Ky., sends us an old copy of the *Nineteenth Century* containing an article to which he calls our attention.

So much truth is condensed into so little space that we reprint it for the perusal of the guiding spirits at the Metropolitan Museum.

Why is it desired to open public institutions on Sunday?

1. Because there are many people who cannot go on other days, but who could and would go on Sundays.

2. Because it is good for people to visit such institutions at any time, even on Sunday.

3. Because, being national property, the people (who are the owners) should be able to enter at any time they desire to do so in any number.

4. Because it is self-evident that people who work long hours on week-days (and there are very many who do so) cannot go at all except on Sunday. This is especially true of shopkeepers, assistants, and laborers.

Why is it desired to keep them closed on Sundays?

Because to open them deprives, or would deprive many of their day of rest, since the attendants, etc., would have to work. But many do work on Sunday, in church, chapel, Sunday-school; and, perhaps, no work in the world is more useless than that of ringing a church-bell for an hour or more every Sunday in a town where every one has abundant means of knowing the time. Domestic servants work nearly as much on Sunday as on other days. Policemen and soldiers are employed by the public. So that it is not Sunday work, but needless Sunday work; not Sunday work that is, but Sunday work that might be, that is objected to. But since it is right to employ policemen to protect property and preserve order, it might be as well to employ museum assistants in the work of education which tends to remove the need of policemen.

All this may strike the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum as something very novel, and although their minds are not sensitive to fresh impressions, the facts given are well worth considering.

"SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,"

When you are rich and they are not?

#### A LOVE STORY.

THE first time he asked her to marry him, she said "NO!"

The fifth time he proposed to her she said "No."



"WHY DON'T YOU GO TO WORK?"  
 "THERE AIN'T MUCH DOIN' AT MY TRADE NOW."  
 "WHAT IS YOUR TRADE?"  
 "PICKIN' FLOWERS OFF ER CENTURY PLANTS."

#### WHY CUPID REIGNS.



LOVE was a woman till she sold  
 Her hearts and arrows all for gold,  
 Left whispered vows and sighing sonnets  
 To spend the time in trimming bonnets,  
 Scorned the rose's ruddy crown  
 Unless it matched her favorite gown,  
 Left lithe lilies fast to die  
 Lest with her bosom's snow they vie;  
 In short, neglected all her duties  
 To deck herself with borrowed beauties:  
 Until in rage the lovers rose  
 And chose a god disdaining clothes.

#### EXEUNT OMNES.

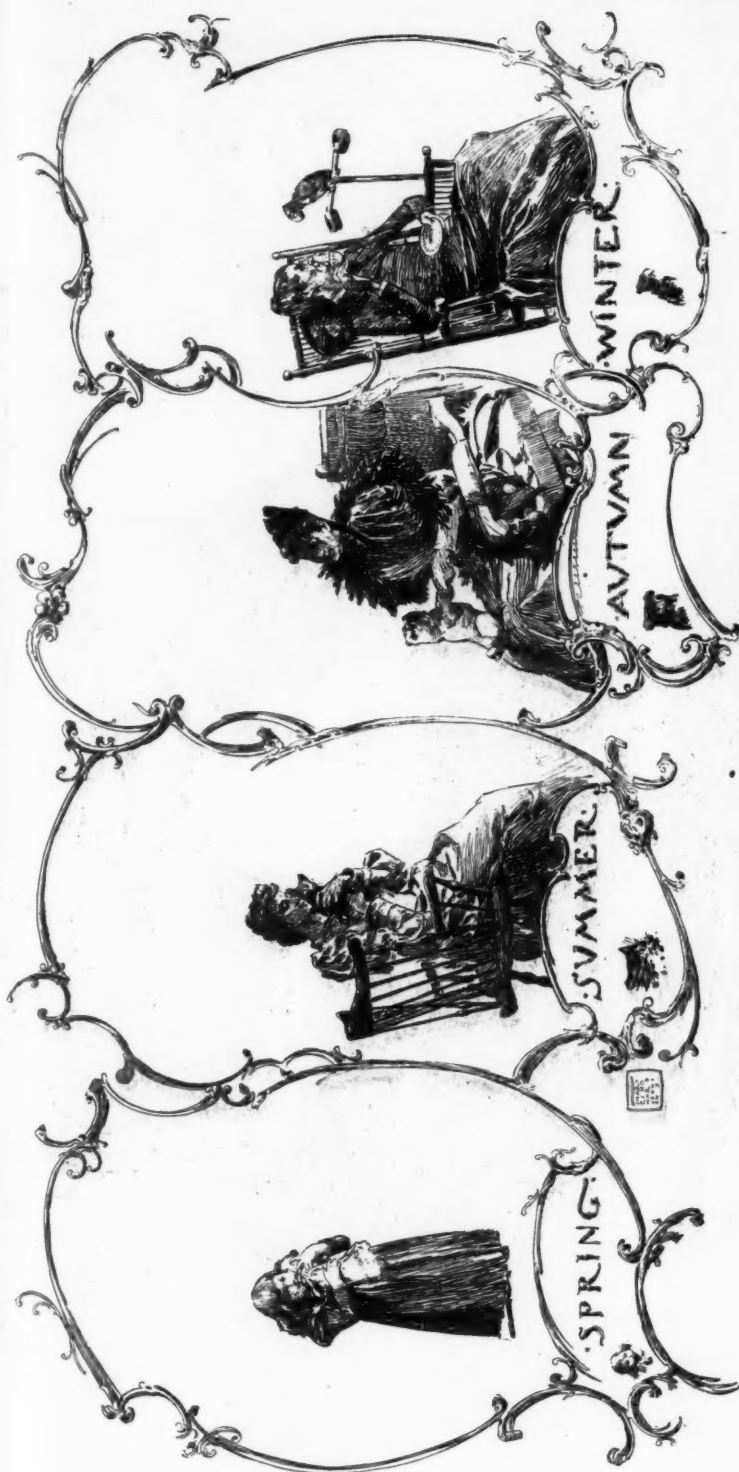
SHE: Isn't Count Von Hauptman an eligible party?

HE: Oh, more than that—he's a select German.

#### BRAINS WILL TELL.







THE EVOLUTION OF THE SPINSTER.

SAINT AND SINNER.

*HALF* hidden in the pew, she sits.  
A truant sunbeam softly flits  
Across her modest, saint-like face,  
As if the angels thought to trace  
Upon those features that they love  
An Easter blessing from above.  
Demure, with modest eyes downcast  
My angel sits. Ah, I would fast  
For forty days for just one look  
From those sweet eyes bent on the book;  
And if she'd give me three or four,  
I'd be content to eat no more.

HER THOUGHTS.

Those horrid aisles (that dress is brown),  
I wish those people would sit down.  
Now where could she have got that fan?  
Oh, I suppose some silly man.  
Dear, dear, that choir boy has a cold.  
How that man stares! He's really bold.  
My bonnet! Can it have a crook?  
I wish I'd taken one more look.  
Umph! Who is that with the Pratts?  
What sights they are in those new hats.  
There's Percy—won't he be enraged

When Clara tells him she's engaged.  
My! What a fright Bess is in blue;  
It cost her ninety dollars, too;  
Well, I paid eighty (what a muss!)  
But then, pa *always* makes a fuss!  
Oh, my! there's Smithy—such a face!  
(Those horrid psalms! I've lost my place).  
I hope his sermon won't be long;  
The poor, dear fellow isn't strong.  
Why, there is Fred! Dear me, what next?  
I hope I won't forget the text.

Tom Masson.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

ENGLISHMAN (to Fair American Tourist): Well, I suppose none of this Swiss scenery will compare with your Niagara?

FAIR AMERICAN (with some embarrassment): I've never seen Niagara.

ENGLISHMAN: Ah, pardon me; I thought that you were a married woman.

ONE of the happiest moments of a young man's life is when he notices for the first time that his moustache has grown so long that he wets it when he drinks.

ALWAYS ON TIME—His forelock.



LENTEN TATION  
THIS IS THE SEASON OF DEEP EPISCOPAL FEELING, WHEN THE WORLDLY

LE



TEN STATIONS.

, WHEN WILDLY THOUGHTS GIVE WAY TO SPIRITUAL COMMUNING.





## PIERROT, THE PRODIGAL.

WE are so busy a people that Pierrot with his joys and griefs has never found a place among us. He is a child of the South, and, with our young, national vigor, we have found it easier to hang our jests on characters from real life—the darkey, the Celt, the Teuton—than to create an imaginary character, or take the one the Latins have made so real.

This is a chilly climate for Pierrot, and it is to be feared that Mr. Daly will find it so. Our practical people will be puzzled what to make of him—he is to us so unreal, so fantastic. Mr. Daly himself must have felt this, for he has put this explanatory note under *Pierrot's* name in the programme:

*Pierrot* is the national figure of the French Pastoral Drama (and also of the Italian) representing Youth, Innocence and Mischief. He is invariably dressed in white to denote his guilelessness, and with his white powdered face is emblematic of Purity of Heart and Thought.

Pierrot's lack of speech is as incomprehensible to us as his whitened face, and we vaguely try to connect him with *Humpty Dumpty* and the other clowns of the crude pantomime we have hitherto known.

But poor Pierrot is no clown. He is an idea, and to put words into his mouth, or to clothe him in ordinary garb, would be like materializing a soul. We must know him through our imaginations only if we would understand him.

"The Prodigal Son," as given by Mr. Daly's company, is the highest form of pantomime we have ever had. An entire play, although the plot is most simple, is worked out in dumb show, and holds the close attention of the audience, not only from its novelty, but from its intrinsic merit. With it runs along a descriptive and sympathetic musical accompaniment.

So to find Mr. Daly's company is almost startling, and to find his actors so at ease in this new, yet old kind of drama, is astonishing. Miss Rehan's work as a pantomime exhibits another phase of that versatility which it might readily be believed she prefers to greatness in any one line. She lacks facial expression somewhat, but the audience is never at a loss to catch the varying degrees of buoyancy and dejection in *Pierrot's* mood. Mr. Leclercq is as conscientious as ever, but at times mistakes or falls short of his effects. Mr. Sidney Herbert does admirably in the small part of *The Baron*.

Barring the one scene which a few of Mr. Daly's prudish patrons may find a bit dangerous, the piece

is thoroughly simple and pleasing, and should be a success.

MR. BOOTH'S engagement at the Broadway Theatre is a fairly successful one. There was a time when his name upon the posters in New York meant overflowing houses. The difference is a far severer reflection upon the declining taste of the theatre-going public in New York than upon Mr. Booth's acting. *Metcalf.*

## THE SKATER.

TO the skater the ring of the runner,  
The swish of the shining steel,  
Are like whirling wings to the gunner,  
Or to yachtsman the foaming keel.  
He glides down the smooth, dark river,  
With unfettered soul and will,  
And pities the pines that shiver,  
Immovable on the hill.

Or some bit of feminine brightness,  
Whom he hardly dares to adore,  
Clasps his hand with a tremulous tightness,  
That it never felt before.  
It is then that the tuneful runner,  
The tinkling, musical steel,  
Grows confident that he has won her,  
And echoes a wedding peal.

*Harry Romaine.*



## THE SPANISH CRAZE IN MULLIGAN LANE.

"LOOK A HERE, TOMMY DIBBS, YOU'RE A DEUCE OF A DRUMMIST, YOU ARE! YOU'RE A DROWNDIN' ALL O' BILLY SMITH'S FINE NOTES ON THE COMB; I CAN'T DO NO SPANISH DANCE WHEN I DON'T KETCH THE MEL-  
LERDY!"



C. Carlton.

#### THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

*Charming Widow:* OH, NO, MR. HATHAWAY, SAY NO MORE, I—I COULD NOT MARRY YOU—OH, I WOULD NOT GIVE UP MY POOR—DEAR—DEAD—CHARLIE'S NAME—THAT IS ALL I HAVE—LEFT TO ME—I CANNOT—I—  
*Mr. Hathaway:* OH, BUT, DARLING, I'D HAVE MINE CHANGED AND YOU COULD KEEP IT—EASY ENOUGH—THERE—THERE—WHY, CERTAINLY!



"A POINT TO BE REMEMBERED."

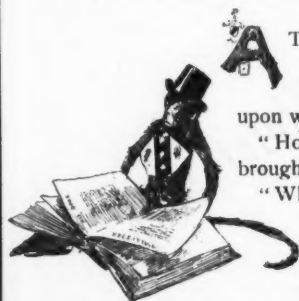
#### MONDAY MORNING.

MRS. Y.: What is all that noise down stairs?

MRS. X.: Can't you guess?

MRS. Y.: It sounds like Bridget and Jane quarreling about the washing.

MRS. X.: That's it; they're holding one of their regular *causeries de Lundi*.



AT the present writing three hundred and ninety-nine different persons have sent the following brilliant play upon words for publication in LIFE.

"How was a recent aristocratic marriage brought about?"

"Why, stupid, Jack Astor and she was Willing."

Probably the same brilliant jest has by this time occurred to the remaining member of the four hundred and will reach us in the next mail. It isn't very often that a joke permeates to the four hundred, but when it does LIFE has to suffer.

#### A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

CUSTOMER: I bought some medicine here yesterday for my dog and after I gave it to him he died. What do you mean, anyway? I didn't tell you I wanted to kill him.

DRUGGIST: You said he belonged to your wife.

HE: Chapley seems to me to be a man of one idea.  
 SHE: He is more fortunate than I thought!



Teacher: JOHNNY, WHY IS GEORGE BROWN ABSENT?

Johnny: WY, GEORGE BROWN SAYS HIS SISTER'S GOT A COLE; BUT DAT AIN'T NOTHIN', ONE O' MY SISTER'S IS GOT DE SMALL-POX, AND TOTHER ONE DE MEASLES, BUT I COME ALL THE SAME.



## ON A HOMELY MAN.

HE was so very ugly, this  
Extraordinary man,  
That when in battle he faced death  
Death turned away and ran.—*New York Herald.*

MISS ELIZABETH was a very peculiar woman. She had a great deal of sense. Not that she was different from other women in this relation, but she had so much of it that it surprised many young men. One day young Robinson went to call on her. Young Robinson was also very sensible. He and Miss Elizabeth were well matched. They could talk together on any number of subjects, and they knew just when and where to stop, just what to say, and what not to say. On this particular day, there was a long story in the afternoon papers about a person known as "Jack the Kisser," who bothered many young women and girls in the streets by catching them and kissing them. Miss Elizabeth said that she did not think that a girl could be kissed by any man unless she wanted him to kiss her. Robinson said that any man could kiss any woman by brute force. Miss Elizabeth said that that was all nonsense. "I'll tell you what we'll do," said Robinson; "you are certain that a man can not kiss a woman unless she is a party to the kissing. I am certain that a man can. We—you and I—will

try it." Miss Elizabeth said she did not see any harm in that, so Robinson began to try to kiss her. After several minutes and trials, he succeeded, and she, seeing that it was useless to combat him further, gave in and let him kiss her all he wanted to. When it was all over, Miss Elizabeth had an inspiration. "I'll tell you what we'll do," said Miss Elizabeth; "my foot slipped that time. We'll try it over again."  
—*New York Sun.*

"Is there a man in all this audience," fiercely exclaimed a female lecturer, "that has ever done anything to lighten the burden resting on his wife's shoulders? What do you know of woman's work?"

"Is there a man here," she continued, folding her arms, and looking over her audience with superb scorn, "that has ever got up in the morning, leaving his tired, worn-out wife to enjoy her slumbers, gone quietly down stairs, made the fire, cooked his own breakfast, sewed the missing buttons on the children's clothes, darned the family stockings, scoured the pots and kettles, cleaned and filled the lamps, swept the kitchen, and done all this, if necessary, day after day uncomplainingly? If there is such a man in this audience, let him rise up! I should like to see him!"

And in the rear of the hall a mild-looking man in spectacles, in obedience to the summons, timidly arose. He was the husband of the eloquent speaker. It was the first time he had ever had a chance to assert himself.—*Exchange.*

"Don't you ever go to see comedies?" inquired Miss Laura.

"No," said Miss Irene, "laughing produces wrinkles."

And Miss Irene went on reading the "Editor's Drawer" in *Harper's*.—*Chicago Tribune.*

## Young Americans

Who do not wish to lose their hair before they are forty, must begin to look after their scalps before they are twenty.—*N. Y. Medical Record.*

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